

ON
PAPER *by* FREDERICK
WINGS O'BRIEN

In the present unpleasantness, the dent in prosperity, it is well to remember that all passes in time. It will teach no lesson. If we might get four per cent. beer out of it, no more could be expected.

Great Britain's decline towards a tight little country grows steeper. Her gold reserve shrinks fast, her trade lessens monthly, her idle men and women in her problems abroad, India, China, crease, her taxes swell frightfully; South Africa, Egypt, Australia, Malta, become more serious, insoluble. She must dismantle her aristocracy, cut into farms all demesnes, pleasure parks, great estates, become self-contained as to food; enforce birth-control, so as to lose twelve million people. She'll be a fussy, little land, in fifty years, with a population of, say, twenty millions, no army nor navy, no nobility nor king. Wars took her youth, brains, character. She perishes of old age.

Dole! It's dole or riotous robbery in our rich America. In England it's *more* dole or revolution. *What ho, without!* That may be the new watchcry of the ahung-ered. Don't let it bother you! In Carmel, even in all California, all will be so-so. But, where are slums, factories, mines, foundries, the uproar will be very annoying.

On the day of the armistice, I saw a one-legged veteran with a medal for bravery, madly dancing (it was a-hop) in the Astor Hotel bar. Not because the war was over, but because his side, supposedly, won. His dancing was as uneven as his logic.

Sir Harry Armstrong, whoever he is, is quoted a saying that "nothing can cement two people or sides than to be in the same fight on the same side." This is one of the common lying affirmations which politicians and militarists make to stupify us. Russia and England were allies in the war; also France and Italy. Are they cemented? The truth is that nothing so separates peoples as the fight for the spoils of war, after the deluge of blood. America and Germany are better friends today than France and America! Lafayette, we are queer!

THE CARMELITE

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VOL. IV CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1932 NO. 30

Public Meeting Next Week on Street Plan

Details of Carmel's proposed street improvement program were studied by the City Council in unofficial session last night, preliminary to the first public meeting on the subject to be held in the council room next Wednesday evening.

Maps prepared by Lee Gottfried and George Seideneck were the basis of the study. Embodied are recommendations as to the re-alignment of certain streets and also as to the disposition of storm-waters. Cost estimates have not yet been prepared, but the Council expects to have some information in this connection at its disposal next Wednesday. The Council will devote Saturday and Monday to a personal survey of the streets involved in the contemplated scheme, which would include the whole of the town with the exception of the business district.

Accident

Miss Saidee Van Brower, her niece, Mrs. Jeanette Parkes and the latter's two children were involved in an unusual motoring accident on the Pacific Grove highway last night, fortunately without serious consequences.

With Mrs. Parkes driving the party was proceeding at a leisurely pace down the Pacific Grove slope when their car struck a large log apparently fallen from a truck. An approaching car with glaring lights obscured Mrs. Parkes' vision, contributing directly to the accident. Her car turned on its side but the low speed at which she was traveling minimized the injuries. Miss Van Brower was able to shield the youngest child, but she herself sustained cuts from broken glass. Mrs. Parkes and the other child escaped with only minor bruises.

Dr. J. B. Van Niel, the first motorist to reach the scene, took the party to Pacific Grove for medical attention.

Employment Commission Seeing It Through

In common with the remainder of the country, the employment situation in Carmel shows no signs of improvement; on the contrary, the calls being made upon the Employment Commission are heavier than previously.

Preference is being given, as heretofore, to married men with at last six months residence in Carmel.

Funds derived from the recent Benefit Night and from other sources have enabled the commission to give part-time work to about fifty men on civic improvements. The largest single undertaking to date was the grading and landscaping of the city block on upper Ocean avenue. There the first green shoots are beginning to appear, giving promise of garden spot that will soon erase recollections of a long-standing eyesore.

The commission is concentrating now on securing odd jobs for the registered men as a means of spreading out the limited funds at its disposal. Residents who could give employment around their premises even if for only a few hours, are requested to get into touch with the commission through Mrs. Ann Hayford's employment bureau on Dolores street.

SANITARY DISTRICT ELECTION

Hugh Comstock and J. B. McCarthy have filed as candidates for trusteeships on the board of the Carmel Sanitary District. The election is to be held on March seventh at the offices of the Triangle Realty Company, Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth.

Peter Mawdsley will be a candidate for assessor under the board's jurisdiction.

BANK HOLIDAY

Friday—Lincoln's Birthday—will be observed in Carmel as a bank holiday, but the post office will remain open as usual.

Carmel News

MRS. W. T. KIBBLER

The death of Mrs. W. T. Kibbler occurred at the family home in Carmel Monday night following an extended illness. She was in her ninetieth year.

With her husband, who survives her, Mrs. Kibbler had been a resident of Carmel for over twenty years. Despite her advanced age she took an active interest in affairs and had a wide circle of friends.

Funeral services were held at Paul's Mortuary, Pacific Grove, with interment (cremation) at Oakland.

ANSWER TO BURGLARS

Police protection for the residential areas beyond the Carmel city limits has been promised by county authorities as the result of several burglaries within recent weeks.

Sheriff Abbott is to appoint a special deputy to patrol the area by automobile.

Until this year burglaries were practically unknown in the Carmel area; unlocked houses were the general rule.

Homestead Cafe

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Home Cooked Foods
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CO-OPERATIVE GROCERY TAKES SHAPE

Construction is under way at Ocean and Mission on a store-building being erected by M. J. Murphy, Inc., for Carmel Grocery Cupboards, Inc. The structure will be of a modified Spanish type, in keeping with the more recent additions to Carmel's business district; the interior will be arranged according to a newly developed plan.

Directors of the corporation are local men. Howard Brooks, president and originator of the plan, has associated with him Robert Parrott as vice-president, Peter Mawdsley as secretary and accountant, and E. Fae Miller, Pacific Grove grocer, as treasurer and manager of the store. The entire stock of the corporation is owned locally.

Said Howard Brooks:

"The completion of this building will bring to maturity the plans of the Carmel Grocery Cupboards, Inc., for the opening of a model grocery store and meat market based on the idea of community co-operation. It comprises special and original equipment and fixtures, along with a generous participation by subscribing members in sales proceeds.

"A special feature of the store will be the provision of a light, spacious ladies' room, equipped with an informative library of food values, diets, menus, qualities, prices, research reports, general literature pertaining to food, and many features for personal comfort."

The building will be ready for occupancy about April tenth.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON ON THE SCREEN

A four-reel film depicting the life of George Washington will be shown at the Carmel Theatre on Friday, February nineteenth, matinee only, two screenings—at three o'clock and at four.

Produced by the Eastman Kodak Company in collaboration with federal authorities, the film is not only historically correct but the outstanding events of Washington's career are shown in their actual settings. Mount Vernon, as an instance, is shown for the first time in any film production.

The film was eight years in the making and represents much research work precedent to the actual production. It was undertaken by the Eastman company at the Government's request.

The local showing has been arranged by the district chapter of the D. A. R. which has purchased a copy of the film to be given to the county board of education for school use. Admission for the matinee will be twenty-five cents for adults; ten cents for children.

THE CARMELITE: FEBRUARY 11, 1932

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

M. Leon Vallas addressed members of the Alliance Francaise and their guests last Saturday afternoon in Mrs. I. L. Ettlinger's Highlands Studio. His subject was, "Debussy and His Relation to the Literature of the Nineteenth Century."

Debussy was at one period of his life determined to express himself in painting, and was besides a poet of distinction and a finished writer of prose. From his earliest years, he showed a spirit of revolt against the then-accepted rules of art—against repetition in music, against inflexible verse forms in poetry, and against the academic and conventional postures and background of painting. He held that art as a means of expression should be adapted to the individual, and that the study of all arts was the best schooling. He interested himself in the creative efforts of artists of all countries. One of his earliest musical compositions was inspired by "The Blessed Damsel" of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose work was then considered bizarre. Debussy was the forerunner of the symbolist poets, and his own verse is worthy to be ranked with Verlaine. M. Vallas read two poems from Debussy—"Deux Greves" and "Noel."

Following the lecture, tea was served in the studio by Mrs. Ettlinger. —M. H.

* * *

The next meeting of the Alliance Francaise will be held on Wednesday evening, February seventeenth, at eight o'clock at the home of Mrs. Jones.

LECTURE

Alfred Lyman Flude, travel-lecturer will give an address on Oriental art, Friday afternoon, February twelfth, at two forty-five p.m., in Holman's recreation hall, Pacific Grove. There will be a display of Oriental work and crafts. The admission charge will be twenty-five cents, proceeds to go to the Pacific Grove Student Fund Loan Fund. The affair is sponsored by a committee representing the New England Woman's Club, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Parent-Teacher Association, the Women's Civic Club and the Neighbors' Club. Tea will be served.

CARMEL MARKSMAN

Al Coffey, well known Carmelite who joined the Marine Corps several years ago, is here on a short visit to his family and friends. He is en route to Quantico, Virginia having won first place in a rifle match at Peiping, China, which entitles him to shoot at the Marine Corps Rifle Match at Quantico.

A COMEDIAN SERIOUSLY
CONSIDERS CARMEL

By MYRTOKLEIA CHILDE

Ned Sparks, stage and screen veteran of thirty years, (don't mistake me, he isn't old) the comedian who put the droll, smileless, cold smile on the stage and then kept it there despite his imitators, breezed into Carmel the other day on a jaunt with Mrs. Sparks, and what is more would like to stay here. I feel there was something vaguely familiar about the man when first he began to speak as we sat in the lounge of La Playa Hotel. He had one of those pleasant "poker faces" that you will expect will break into a grin any moment but which doesn't, still not disappointing you. Everything he says is just that way, dry humor without being dry at all. And then it suddenly dawns on you that you might be talking to Jimmie Walker of the sidewalks of New York. He was Jimmie for a while for he played the part in "Big Noise."

At the age of seventeen, Ned Sparks absconded from his family with a yearning for adventure and in 1904 he discovered himself in Dawson City, Alaska, with his total equipment: ability to keep his chin up. He discovered his tenor voice and for six weeks was an entertainer in saloons. After which he played those northern famed institutions known as "honky tonks." Pentages put on a store show about this time and Sparks played in it.

"That's how I got my ground work in stage-craft," he amended. "Then I went to New York. I had fifty cents and a firm conviction that I had the ability to do and get what was waiting for me there. Buster Keaton and all those boys used to sit on the front row and watch my stuff. The motion pictures were beneath my contempt in those days."

During this period of legitimate acting Sparks played in "Over Night" with Madge Kennedy for two years. "Family Cupboard" in which Margaret Lawrence began her career was his next play; it ran for four years. Speaking of Margaret Lawrence and of her tragic end, he said: "She was beautiful and a talented actress." During the next few years he was the principal comedian with Rose Stahl, Alice Brady, Effie Shannon, George Nash and others. He played in Victor Herbert's last opera, "My Golden Girl," and in "Nothing But Truth," written by William Collier, which ran ninety-nine weeks in New York.

In 1923 Ned Sparks organized and directed headquarters of the actors' strike. At that time he was under con-

tract for a play written by Ring Lardner and Jack Buck.

"That strike spelled finis," he said, "the contract was never fulfilled and I have never since acted under the Managing Producers' Association of New York."

Hollywood was next in this eventful career. Sparks has been in nearly fifty talking pictures and played in the second ever produced, "Strange Cargo." He was principal comedian for Constance Talmadge, Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen, Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels, Sylvia Sydney and a host of other stars. A few of the pictures in which he has appeared are: "The Canary Murder

Case," "The Devil's Holiday," "The Secret Call," "Corsair," "The Iron Man," "Street Girl," "Love Comes Along," and his last picture which is not yet released—"The Miracle Man."

"Why did I come to Carmel? Hunting—fishing—fresh air—nice people—beautiful surroundings—Oh well, I'll tell you. I am in Carmel to find the rest-place I've been looking for from the rock bound coast of Maine to the placid waters of the Pacific. I've been in every hamlet north or south from that great imaginary line from Virginia to Oregon that separates hot biscuits from cold bread, but I could never find what

—continued on page four

HOTEL DEL MONTE

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NED SPARKS *from page three*

—fishing—fresh air—nice people—I wanted and only after repeated invitations and not without some abuse, from my friend Frank Sheridan, did I have the handle of my telescope repaired and my shoes half-soled to make my journey to Carmel possible. This is the place and if I don't have to divorce my wife and my two dogs before they make up my mind for me as to which house I want to live in, it is altogether within the realm of possibility that I will often be detected in the twilight on yon beach, vigorously employed in surf casting. I expect too, I may do some field and duck shooting here about, because to me the fishing rod and the gun are the greatest playmates in the world—as Sheridan tells me, and he should know, because he doesn't know a fishing pole when he sees one—that this is the place for me. We shall see.

"Give up the Pictures? Eventually. I expect to settle here and have a home in Carmel. Then I want to get a place up the coast or the valley where I will have a hunting lodge. I'll have to run down to Hollywood every so often to make a certain number of pictures, but I'll retire and be the country gentleman in a few years."

And his vivacious little wife who says she has never acted but leaves that to him, echoes his sentiments. "I love it here, and I love the country," she said, speaking the closing lines of the act.

ROSE FLORENCE RECITAL SATURDAY NIGHT

Handel, Schumann, Moussorgsky, Griffes, Ravel are represented in the song recital which Rose Florence, mezzo-contralto, is to present in the Denny-Watrous Gallery Saturday evening, February thirteenth. Elizabeth Alexander will be at the piano.

The program follows:

Air of Cleopatra (Julius Caesar) — Handel

Schuman:

Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus Meinen Thranen Spriessen
Die Rose, Die Lilie, Die Taube
Ich Grolle Nicht

Moussorgsky:

The Evening Prayer
The Hobby Horse
Serenade

The Commander of the Army

Fairy Tales ———— Erich J. Wolff

The Old Temple Among the Mountains

Griffes

Retreat ———— Frank La Forge

Serenade ———— Carpenter

The Peacock ———— Ravel

Sarabande ———— Roussel

The Little White Donkeys of Cairo —

Nerini

Spring Song ———— Cimara

* * *

"Rose Florence is an artist who communicates feeling naturally as if singing were a usual manner of communication."—New York "World."

THE CARMELITE: FEBRUARY 11, 1932

"THE DRUNKARD" COMES TO TOWN

Make way for the grand show—for the memorable nights of February nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first, upon which as heretofore declared will be presented to the public of Carmel and surrounding territory a stupendous drama bearing a great lesson for the fallen, the saved, and the not yet fallen! "The Drunkard" a sensation of ninety years past, being revived by Galt Bell and a cast of local players, will play at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. Such luminaries as Ruth Marion Poor, Howard Brooks, Samuel Ethridge, Alice Brainerd, Sally Haller, Connie Shuman, Charles McGrath, Charles O'Neal, Fritz Wurzburg, Preston Shobe, Kevin Wallace, and Dick Seares, will figure in this old "museum-piece of theatrical history."

Heart throbs of emotion, anguish that will arouse uncontrollable trickles of tears, and frenzied, gripping excitement will the audience behold—nay even experience with the players—as the plot sacred to the theatre-goers of the forties, moves to its inevitable climax.

The trusting maiden, the wretched parents, the suave slippery villain, and the hero of the famous last minute pursuit, will spare no floridness of speech, no violence of gesture, as their throbbing melodrama unfolds. In all seriousness will the players present this masterpiece. Authentic to a fine degree will be the staging, the manner of presentation, and even such minor features as the Maiden's Prayer overture and the traditional procession of characters when at the close of the performance they come forth for applause or hissing as the case might be.

"The Drunkard," first produced by P. T. Barnum in 1846 was the sensation of Broadway. Crowds flocked to see the play, and so great was its success that Barnum was elevated to the position of dictator of public amusement. Recently Alice Brainerd of the Berkeley Playhouse unearthed the old manuscript and brought it forth to the noble cause of letting the modern public flavor a stirring, highly colored melodrama. Its success in revival was declared a great as ninety years previous. And if our guess is right, Carmel will long remember "The Drunkard." —B.

EXHIBIT

The annual exhibition of the Carmel Art Association remains at the Denny-Watrous Gallery until Saturday evening. Representative work of Peninsula artists, included in the exhibit, was reviewed in The Carmelite last week.

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SATURDAY ———— FEB. 20

SUNDAY ———— FEB. 21

AT 8:30

TICKETS \$1.00

RESERVED SEATS \$1.50

ROSE FLORENCE

MEZZO-CONTRALTO

SECOND CONCERT OF THE MUSIC SOCIETY SERIES

An appreciative audience heard the program of the Neah-Kah-Nie String Quartet, assisted by E. Robert Schmitz, when they appeared at the Carmel Theatre on Monday night, giving the second concert of the current music season. Enthusiastic applause followed each number, and comment during and after the performance gave ample assurance that the evening was a success; the program of desirable length provided sufficient interest and variety to please both discriminators and those who listened with no object other than enjoyment; and the musicians themselves were of such merit as to evoke warmest praise.

The Neah-Kah-Nie players worked in Carmel last summer. A small group heard them in an informal program, and so delighted were they with this string ensemble as to desire a full concert, and one which a larger number might enjoy. Needless to say, expectations were realized, and far surpassed with addition of the excellent pianist, Robert Schmitz.

With the lively first movement of the Beethoven Sonata, the Neah-Kah-Nie players evidenced a fine feeling for ensemble playing—the great essential in chamber music. And as they carried us through delicately woven passages of the menuetto with its suggestion of quaint dance tunes, through the andante to the final movement which varied nature from somber mood to lively march, from moments of brilliancy to rare delicacy, we sensed in the players a readiness of technique and beyond that an ability to delve into the realm of emotion.

The Gliere Andante with tones strong and sustained was followed by three short numbers of Ernest Bloch. "Night," in low subdued tones, velvety sounds, welling rhythms, calm irresistible movement, described in sound what one might read in a night poem or actually experience. Highly colored, and in weird combinations of sound, came the second interesting Bloch number, "Alpestre." Closing this group was the primitive "Tongataboo" which brought such insistent applause that the players repeated the number.

A brilliant climax was the final offering, the Cesar Franck "Quintet," the quartet here having the assistance of Robert Schmitz. The addition of the piano allowed for solidness not looked for in pure chamber ensemble. The piano alone for brief moments, interweaving of the strings, and occasional

passages for strings alone, produced brilliant contrast and lovely shading of tone. Massive strength gave way to rare ethereal delicacy; vivid, intense movement was followed by quiet, subdued tone, with amazing rapidity. In fine ensemble worked the five musicians as the Cesar Franck number heaped climax upon climax with relentless vigor, working to its tremendous climax.

At length might we dwell upon the playing of E. Robert Schmitz. Here undoubtedly is a pianist of first rank. We should certainly like to have heard more playing such as he exhibited during the Cesar Franck "Quintet."

—A. M. B.

MUSIC AND THE CHILD

That music should rank with the three R's in the education and development of the child is the opinion of Helen Berryhill, whose demonstrated lecture delighted and inspired Carmel mothers and teachers attending the P.-T. A. meeting at Sunset School yesterday afternoon. A graduate of the Damroch School of Music in New York, an accomplished pianist and accompanist and having had in addition twenty years experience as a mother of four children, Mrs. Berryhill was well equipped to present sound educational theory of 'child development tempered by practical experience of unquestioned value.

Stress was placed upon building a reliable background of musical experience from earliest childhood, developing appreciation and perceptive faculties before even thinking of formal music training. The mother may, if she follows the example outlined by Mrs. Berryhill, commence almost during infancy developing awareness of sound intervals, correctness of pitch, feeling for rhythm, and appreciation of beautiful sound.

Excellent collections of songs for children of all ages, taken from both folk music and the classics, provide the mother or teacher ample material for singing and later for work on the piano. In early years the child is quite unaware of receiving music training; it is a part of his daily life. He even may experiment to his heart's desire in order to discover possibilities for sound provided by the key-board.

With a rich background of music experience, and with a naturally developed appreciation of music, formal teaching of music may commence at seven years or thereabouts. Then, according to Mrs. Berryhill, the best possible instrument should be provided, the most valuable music literature used, and the best available music teacher.

Merchants Lunch

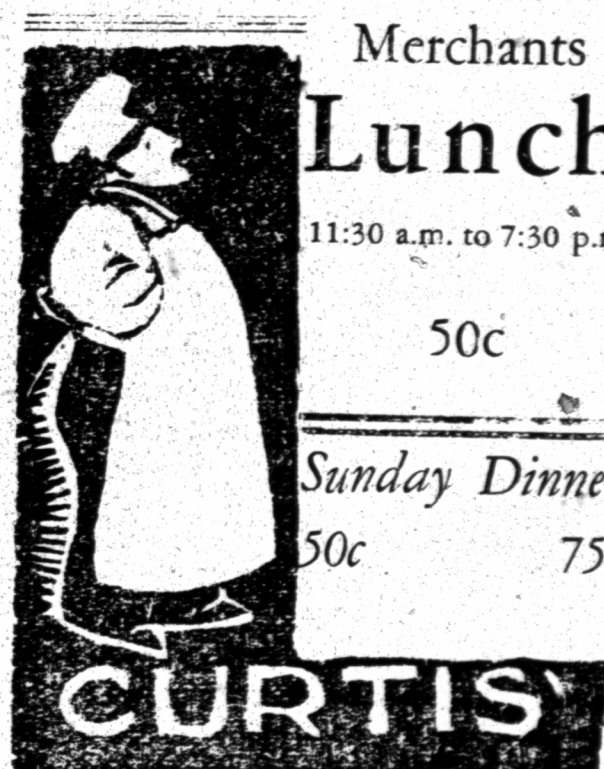
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THE CARMELITE

J. A. COUGHLIN
Editor and PublisherGLORIA STUART
Associate Editor

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***The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

from page one

In America are eighty-one thousand Lions. I mean not the sort that lunch off missionaries and then roar in the desert; but the sort that lunch off steak-and-onions, and then yap after the dessert. The Lions seek in these days of transitory friendships and residences, to keep alive the old corner-store spirit of intimacy, neighborliness and kidding, and also of helpfulness in trouble. In my village is a representative group, simple family men bewildered by life and its needs. Their interests are limited, their knowledge small, their curiosity outside their circle almost nil. It was to them I talked, at request, on "anything." I chose Liberia where I had been. Naturally, no Lion was interested. They closed their eyes and sought to close their ears. Only yesterday, a Lion, my longtime friend, said vaguely, to me: "Those Rooshuns'll get in bad with the Chinks and Japs. As you was tellin' us, there's cannibalism in 'at country yet. I think Hoover oughta stay outa all that yellow peril." Lions do a lot of good in a village like mine. Once a week at least, they get among he-men, and away from home and mother.

Some unknown connoiseur friend sent me a huge pineapple. It was delicious for I iced it several hours, and served it, after removing all the skin, by cutting it in four parts, not sliced, but from top to bottom. Twelve years, I lived where pineapples grew. The nicest were not bigger than an eggplant, and ripened to a rich golden outside, on the stalk before picking. A pint of sound claret, frapped in a plugged watermelon adds a fillip. Sound claret though would probably be taken straight nowadays. There is little in California.

Fords have killed more than a hundred thousand humans since Ford began. A problem in ethics: If Henry could have foreseen what Lizzie would do, would Henry have been justified in making Lizzie? Is Henry expected to be better

than his own Creator? That Incredible Imponderable must from the moment He probed Adam's side to rib up Eve, have foreseen the wars from Nebuchadnezzar's to Hoover's in Haiti! And yet in Manchuria, as in all China, the yellow men bite the dust. As Henry might well say: "Am I going to let the Chev do all the low-priced killing?"

Your grandfather's times as compared with today, were as granite to butter, for comfort, ease. I walked four miles to school, in all weathers. My grandmother had one silk dress in twenty years. Girls were old maids at twenty. And remained virgins till death did them wed. A hot time, a rousing night, were synonyms for church fairs, spelling bees, or cornshucking.

In New York, the Bank of America, is dead; the name not even on the tombstone. It was not our California bank of the same name, when it was killed by the mighty National City Bank.

A publicist in New York is paid several hundred dollars to talk by radio, for fifteen minutes. He speaks several hundred words a minute; that is his sole merit. I can barely follow him, and I'm sure most radioearers cannot make meaning of his jumble. He is famous. Speed, speed! That will soon pass.

Sylvia Kaplan sends me from Jerusalem cards of pressed flowers from the Holy Land, at two-bits each. Her group trust folks to remit the money. Ichabod! C.O.D., not G.O.D. is the regnant deity in America just now.

Dancing masters of America, in solemn convention, denounce gigolos. They demand that only union dance teachers be allowed; that sex appeal by professional men prancers, except the legitimate grace of masters, be barred from hotels. And that pure American women be spared the indignity and temptation of the gigolo sort of male. Despite all the professors can do, the well-to-do wife of a golfer, the widow of a man who perished making money for her, will seek out personable gigs who offer honorable love on the floor, poetry of motion, youth and soft voices in honeyed words. The gigs make no bones of it—masters are decrepit, have halitosis, flat feet and baldness.

A Brooklyn radio dealer, with a hand of children (five), and a devoted wife (to bridge) disappeared; was found on a desert island (near Brooklyn), reading "Robinson Crusoe." He had had a Black Friday, on Wall street.

THE CARMELITE: FEBRUARY 11, 1932

Frank Harris' life of Bernard Shaw is out. A hundred thousand words by Harris, who gave Shaw his first notable break in a London magazine. Harris capitalized it ever since Shaw became famous. Harris died at seventy-six. Shaw is great; Harris grated. Shaw has genius and character; Harris had great talent and incredible conceit; no character. Shaw is a vegetarian, a teetotaler always; Harris ate red meat aplenty, drank like an old English lord (under the table), looked sixty, could run a hundred yards while Shaw twenty.

Universities in southern California are lowgrade. Crooked politics, mammonish religion, realtoryism control.

The most famous, richest lawyers, today, would have been infamous in my father's day.

Don't park your car all night in the road. Leave it in a garage. Of course, if you are playing *double entendre* in the limousine, it's better to be in the open. Carbon monoxide and love are antithetical gasses.

The League of Nations must become universal (with America and Russia, of course) or wars, fear of wars, hateful tariffs, armaments, will ruin this generation, as the last one was ruined. If the Pope were a citizen of the world and not an Italian managed by an Italian cardinalate, he might be a big help.

Hollywood was started by a French flower painter. I knew him well. At that date all the movies had shacks in Edendale. Griffith, first, chose Hollywood and made "Intolerance." The painter is dead, not knowing his responsibility.

In Wyoming state penitentiary prisoners are immured in underground cells, absolutely dark, says a government report. When they emerge, of course, they are reformed. The Inquisition made good Catholics out of heretics the same way and brought on the Reformation.

All alley cats must die! Health, and the welfare of birds demand it. They are unhappy, alley cats; as unhappy as the thousands of bums on the highway.

Ohio grade school students answered examination queries, as follows: A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian. In Christianity a man may have only one wife; it is called monotony. A man who marries twice commits bigotry. SOS is a music sign for Same Only Softer.

W. K. BASSETT WRITES ABOUT H A W A I I

Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono.

This is the motto of Hawaii. It means: "The life of the land is preserved by righteousness." It strikes a somewhat ironical note just now.

Rape and murder fit into no general idea of righteousness, and hotel managers in the "Paradise of the Pacific" are much concerned over the preservation of the land. The navy's slogan, "Honolulu is not safe for white women," is raising hob with the tourists' reservations. Shimmering moonlight on coco palms waving in the gentle trade winds at Waikiki is no palliative for frightened womanhood. "America's Mid-Pacific Playground" is much concerned over its future as a mecca for vacationists. The tumult of today's press dispatches is a poor ballyhoo for a recreation center. "The Melting Pot of the Nation" has become a bit too warm for comfort.

But the Hawaiian whose country it once was is not concerned. He has little in common with the chamber of commerce, the tourist bureau, the hotel owners and the steamship companies. The diving boys are not antagonistic to nickels, dimes and quarters sailed from the decks of liners in Honolulu harbor. The beach boys are not loath to accept remuneration for instruction in surf-board riding at Waikiki. The women lei-sellers gather in a pretty penny on the wharves. All this because Hawaii has been vying with the watering places of the world. But the Hawaiian would exchange this precarious and fluctuating fortune for the return of his land, for the pomp and ceremony of his vanished court, for a life that does not compel industry either by dictation or example.

I know Hawaii. I lived there for six years. I taught school in Honolulu for two years and for a like period was secretary to the mayor of the city. I have worked with Hawaiians, played with them, partaken of their food and drink. In 1924 I established a daily newspaper to fight their battles. Through their votes I was elected to the legislative body of Honolulu. The Hawaiians gave me their confidence and their love and these are possessions I shall cherish all the days of my life.

The Hawaiian believes that this country of mine stole his from him. He believes that his queen was dethroned, his royal government dissipated and his flag pulled down in wanton disregard for his rights and in direct repudiation of the principles contained both in the Declaration of Independence and in the

Constitution of the country which despoiled him.

This is no mawkish sentiment; no blubbering in the secret places of memory. Hawaii is verily, as Mark Twain said, "the loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any sea." Rapine and murder cannot rob it of ineffable beauty; nor noisome notoriety dim its splendor. The irreparable damage to that fair land was done by the hand of a misguided nation in the name of commercialism. What is gone is beyond the ken of the tourist of today, but it lies deep in the heart of the Hawaiian. He and his *wahine*, crossed-legged on their *lanai* in the *bau* forest, chant their anathemas beneath the unbelievable moon. Their sons strum the ukulele on the beach and their daughters pretend to dance the hula in those absurd grass skirts made in Milwaukee. But the song went out of the Hawaiians' soul with the raising of the Stars and Stripes over Iolani Palace where Governor Lawrence Judd now sits in what was once the bedroom of Queen Liliuokalani.

It is not necessary to detail the events which resulted, first, in the arrest and imprisonment of Queen Liliuokalani; next, the establishment of a provisional government, then a short-lived Republic and, finally, the annexation of the island as a full-fledged territory of the United States. It is enough to assert that the trouble started through the efforts of the Queen to regain for her people land which had been wantonly leased to American and British sugar planters by an easy-going, easily influenced predecessor, King Kalakaua. It was Jack London who said of Kamehameha II, "He died without conversion to Christianity, but with his property intact." Kalakaua was not so fortunate. He left his sister, Liliuokalani, a heritage which, coupled with her love for her people, spelled the downfall of her throne and the passing of her land into foreign hands.

The men of the army and navy in Hawaii complain of street corner mutterings against them as they pass. Some of this is fancy and some of it is fact. The Hawaiian Department of the United States army comprises the largest military unit this country has, and the numerical strength of the naval station at Pearl Harbor grows year by year. The blue and khaki of the men and the white and gold worn by the officers are

all red in the eyes of a people who see in them the trappings of their despoilers. This is not an implied excuse for an attack on a woman who, for some strange reason, chose to walk down a road in a native district alone and at night. It is merely an effort to throw some light on the background of the troubled situation now in Hawaii; an effort to show that there really is something in an admiral's fear of an outbreak and a retaliation for what appears to have been wanton murder of a part-Hawaiian boy.

Part-Hawaiian! There is untold meaning in that hyphen.

Because, paradoxical as it may seem in the light of his resentment and bitterness against the United States, the Hawaiian, the real Hawaiian, the man or woman with pure Hawaiian blood, will spill that of no one else. If there is to be violence it will not be done by the Hawaiian. If there *was* rape it was not committed by a Hawaiian. Resentment, yes, but physical protest, no. Mutterings, but no material manifestation of bitterness. As for love, his life floats on oceans of it, but he is an artist at it. He waits and accepts; he does not attack and rape.

Physical effort has never been a virtue of the Hawaiian. He will work until he is tired, and he tires soon. His blood flows slowly, but it flows exceedingly warm. He is kind and gentle; his nature is as sweet as his smile and as cordial as the sound of his voice.

But the mixture of our blood—or that of the Portuguese, Filipino or Chinese—while it awakens his energy is also inclined to weaken his morals. Energy and abandon are a combination that may breed viciousness, and this you find in many of those of mixed blood in Hawaii. On the other hand you will find Chinese-Hawaiians and half-whites among the best people of the territory. But as a rule the adulteration of Polynesian blood means a weakening of resistance.

And this part-Hawaiian is still the native; still the descendant of the people who up until 1893 knew Hawaii as their land and their playground. He stands with his Polynesian blood in his love of the past and his resentment at the intrusion of America. The only difference is that his resentment may not be as passive as that of his pure-blood brother, at once both the stronger and the weaker of the two.

If trouble comes to Hawaii it will be trouble America sowed itself when in 1893 it backed up the avarice of a group of sugar planters with the crew of an American gunboat. [Copyright, 1932, by The Carmelite]

W. K. BASSETT founded and edited the erstwhile "Carmel Cymbal"; created something of a newspaper legend in Carmel. He is now on the staff of the "Providence Journal."

BY - P R O D U C T S ORRICK JOHNS

The sincere people are always wrong. Next after them are what I call the wmps—well-meaning people. The world would be well rid of sincyrups and wmpidity.

† †

Essay on the above: sincere means literally without a mask. It's a strange fact that you can't see the truth behind all the masks unless you wear a mask yourself. As to the well-meaning people, they never go beyond meaning. They are afraid to. Only a hard-boiled cynic can solve problems quickly and humanely. And both the sincies and the wmps are afraid of joy.

† †

Here comes all the old ballyhoo of war propaganda. The hoey machines are being hauled out, oiled, and are winding up to darken the air. Japanese appear to be innocent victims forced by Chinese aggressions and outrages to take up the onerous duty of keeping order. Japanese warships are firing only blank shells. They say so themselves don't they? Atrocities begin: Chinese boy of thirteen shot down in cold blood. Pretty soon we'll hear of hideous Asiatic tortures and mutilations, all lies: "Innocent women and children" of greedy foreign concessionaires must be saved

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by world-slaughter. American flag dragged down from Methodist mission, that hadn't never ought to have been there anyway; and God, in the person of the mission director, is demanding apologies from Japanese. American oil tanks "sprayed" with machine gun bullets. Chinese are only using fire-crackers, mistaken for rifles. The paper storm swells, burying the truth deeper and deeper, hiding the sun. Powder stocks rise, aviation stocks rise, and before the sun rises score of factories will be "converted" to make munitions. By a strange coincidence, how odd, American warships with hulls low-down laden with heavy stores, sail for Hawaiian waters just in time—to play a war game arranged months ago. Arthur Brisbane, who knows his stuff, says, "Well, maybe the war will bring us the boom we want." Of course. Both sides boycott each other, both must buy from us. If we have prosperity, who cares whether a million Chinese roll in the dust. Not our President, who knows the Chinese, was himself once one of those concessionaries in China, whose presence there is the sole and only cause of our concern in the mess.

† †

A piece I wrote in this paper some time ago about the hunger march (in which Rolph did nothing) was discussed later. Somebody asked: "Well, what could he do?"

In 1922, the American Relief Association, known as the Hoover-Haskell aid to Russian people suffering from famine, fed eleven million people in Russia for many months. The cost, it is true, was only something less than one hundred million dollars. Why did they do it? For political reasons. It was possible to mix propaganda with bread, to destroy the Soviets while feeding the hungry. It didn't work, because the Soviets knew the intention. That story would be worth telling. Those who know it haven't told.

And why can't Rolph or Hoover do anything by governmental action? Because they have a horror of creating a dole psychology, they can't bear to let the idea get abroad that the United States will help its suffering nationals in a bitter emergency, they are afraid to have people imagine that the government is responsible for the condition of its people. Q.E.D., as the old school Euclids used to say.

† †

An intelligent President would have met the present unemployment emergency by demanding that every overflowing warehouse and every bursting granary be thrown wide open to those

THE CARMELITE: FEBRUARY 11, 1932

in need. The owners would have refused the first time, but if he kept on demanding, public opinion would have got behind him, and the owners would have finally obeyed. (A certain delicate balance must be maintained, in our system, between robbing and kicking the public in private, and oiling and kissing the public in public). Such a president might have been unconstitutional, even treasonable, but he would have done an act of a great and intelligent man. Direct action in crises is all an executive is good for. But the second-term bogey and the party power pressure make it automatically impossible for a President to be a man, while in office. This strangulation extends in lessening degree downward to all the officials and representatives of the government. *But it most enfeebles the topmost.* Direct action is impossible to our Executive. The limelight hates moral courage.

† †

The carnage of war is good, clean, honest death compared to the hypocrisy of war, the propaganda of war, the deadly psychology of war. Wait till it grips us all with race-suspicion at home.

† †

It seems that Aimee McPherson is one of the real direct-actionists. Her dining hall has fed some one hundred thousand persons in two months, and she has been demanding the use of equipped military cantonments for self-supporting cities of unemployed. This shows true vision. But she won't get the cantonments now, not since Shanghai.

† †

Two men, if they had been heeded, would have made the opening of this century a garden instead of a slaughterhouse. They were Friedrich Nietzsche and Carl Marx. Nietzsche cleared away the rubbish, demolished the structure of false and sentimental thinking of the past. Marx pointed out the scientific way to rebuild the future, in terms of the mass. But they are not dead. Their work has just begun.

† †

The imitative cheap-jacking of Bernard Shaw seems to be on the wane. Shaw borrowed from both these masters, but his dilutions slightly falsified them everywhere, for the sake of humor. Shaw has done no good. With his tongue in his cheek he popularized the masters for the tea-drinkers and made himself a capitalist all the while. He is the great prototype of the intellectual sadist for profit. There are many others.

† †

Let's scrap the old war-debts. We got a chance to get some nice new ones.

THE MISCREANTS

—who gather now and then to discuss various things and affairs. Whose sign of distress is "That's good."

Chronicled by FRANK SHERIDAN

"Is this a cable error, a telegraph editor's mistake or is it possibly correct; this Yancey name—Yancey Williams, Rear-Admiral of the American Yangtze patrol?" asked The Idler as he laid down the evening paper. "Say, that would make a swell title for a popular war song if we get mixed up in the chop-suey over there; catch this, 'It's Yancey on the Yangtze, with a rough, tough fighting gangste.' Don't boys; don't throw them. I'm sorry. I won't do it again," as he held a cushion for protection as a couple of magazines were hurled at him.

The Author looked at him in disgust. "I suppose, you poor simp, you think Yancey is a Chink name, which goes to show us you know more about the fourth dimension than you do about your country's history. Ask that down South and you would last as long as it takes me to drink this excellent rye graciously provided by our host The Captain."

"Yancey, my boy," he went on, "was the name of a man who was one of the greatest 'States Rights' men that ever pounded a table, a top-notch orator lawyer and an unqualified secessionist. A man, who, in my opinion should have been made president of the Confederacy, and if he had been it would have been sad news for the Yanks."

"What was the matter with Jefferson Davis?" asked The Idler.

"Nothing, except he made quite as many mistakes for the South as Lincoln did for the North."

"What do you mean, Lincoln making a mistake?" snapped The Captain aggressively.

"Yes Captain, Old Abe made lots of mistakes the first three years," The Judge's placid voice kind of eased into the talk; "because he listened too much to that bunch of politicians he was bedeviled with, but I don't think he made the same mistake twice, except in picking generals, and he sure made an awful mess of that job until he got Grant."

"But we are far away from China, the Yangtze and Yancey. Let's run over there a bit."

"What do you know about this trouble in the Mongolian family?" The Author asked.

"There are but two men in town that

know anything about those fellows, and I guess they know more than the most of the white people here or there—I mean Sam Blythe and Joe Coughlin. Joe for a number of years was on the staff of 'The North-China Daily News,' and Sam Blythe has messed around so much over there that at one time they seriously considered making our Mr. Blythe a Mandarin of the first-class, entitled to wear a red, white and blue button, three swords and have a private army—if he wanted to pay for the feeding of it. Oh, Sam was in big favor in China and might have fallen for the Mandarin thing if they had given him a district to gather taxes in, but those choice bits were reserved for the native sons, whereupon Sam thanked the Empress, or Emperor, or President, or whoever it was giving out the jobs, closing his speech with 'No taxes, no Mandarin, so your Graciousness, I'm going back to where there are plenty of taxes,' and then he had the choir sing, 'I'm on my way to Monterey,' for his exit music."

"But, Judge," The Author interrupted "what has that got to do with the Chinese—Jap situation?"

"Not a thing, not a thing in the world, except I imagine if you asked Sam and Joe they both would say they knew enough to know they know nothing about them; as Coughlin observed in his Shanghai article in The Carmelite a while back."

"Look here," The Idler exclaimed, "we started twice for this admiral chap Yancey and twice we landed back in this country without going up the Yangtze once."

"Well, this is a pretty nice country to land in, and not so bad to stay in, say I," growled The Captain.

"I can't say much about the Yangtze but I can tell you quite a bit about the Yancey under discussion," The Judge said.

"Yancey Williams, Rear-Admiral, U.S.N., now in command of the Yangtze Patrol, was a neighbor of mine some years back, in Rockport, Massachusetts, while he was stationed at Boston Navy Yard; he hails from South Carolina and I think he's descended from the William Yancey that our friend The Author raves over; anyway Yancey W. is as good a fighter as W. Yancey was and that's high praise me hearties. And what is more Yancey W. is a first-rate sailor man, which is more than W. Yancey ever dreamed of being."

"He's the man for the job along the Yangtze. Cool, level headed, thinks quickly and acts deliberately—but when he starts, he finishes."

"The Japs now are whanging hell out of Whangpoo and its funny forts, a job not as easy as they thought it would be. Up to date the results show that the Japs are much over-rated as a military machine and the Chinks undervalued as fighters with plenty of 'guts.' For eleven days our Japanese friends have been trying to drive a few hundred Chinese from sand-bag forts. The stuff sent out about the Japs having a difficult task in wooing the Woosung fortifications to their hearts is the comic relief of the whole fuss; forts, why they are about as much of a fort as the Aquarium in Battery Park is a fort for New York City. The Japs will have to dig deep to get the Chinese out of that spot."

"When finished with that, the Japanese army—army mind you—will move up stream to Nanking, the present capital of China and capture that after much unnecessary shelling, air bombing and a number of other things needed to put the fear of the Seven Headed Dragon in the hearts of all."

"I don't know just how far the Japs will go in doing the 'Prussian' to the people, but I have a sinking feeling when I remember what they did to the inhabitants after they captured Port Arthur in the China-Japan war of 1895."

"I look for much trouble up Nanking way, but unless his hands are tied by the Washington warriors, the men from Nippon are not going to step on Yancey Williams toes without getting a kick in the ankle in return. If you hark back to the Nanking incident of a few years ago you must remember that Yancey's flotilla guns weren't tied up in red tape. He figured it out at Annapolis that guns were made to be used, and use them he did to protect Americans, not Mr. Pratt's Standard Oil Company of New York, by ordering as pretty a barrage as ever was laid, clearing the way for the American residents to reach the boats waiting for them. That barrage paved a path from the top of the hill to the river shore and it was a beauty."

"And from what I gather from qualified authorities, the Gob on the American Yangtze Patrol, officers and men, are about as efficient and as fightingest a bunch of hard-boiled eggs as can be found from hell to breakfast and nobody more so than Rear-Admiral Yancey Williams, U.S.N."

"Now dearly beloved bretheren gather round the green baize and match your flush with my straight."

"Yes, thanks, I'll have mine straight, water would spoil this nectar."

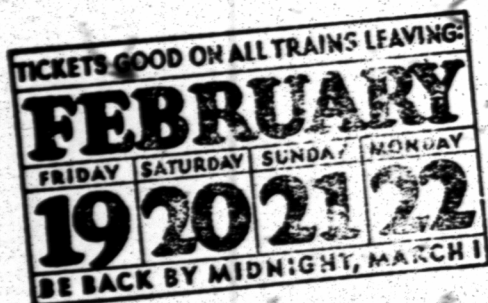
NOTICE OF ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that there will be an election on March 7th, 1932, of two trustees of the Carmel Sanitary District. Election to be held at the Triangle Realty Company, Dolores Street, between 7th and 8th, from the Hour of 7 A. M. to 7 P. M.

CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT
H. F. DICKINSON
Secretary

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For the Washington's Birthday holidays (a 3-day week-end) we will again slash roundtrips to all places on our Pacific Lines to approximately 1¢ a mile (\$1 for each 100 miles).

Go somewhere for the holidays. It's cheaper to travel than to stay home!

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SAN FRANCISCO	\$2.70
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LOS ANGELES	8.25
SANTA BARBARA	6.00
SAN JOSE	1.70
PHOENIX	17.35

Southern Pacific

C. M. VANCE,
Monterey Agent

Porter Emerson Browne COMMENTS ON THE TIMES

What I can't understand about the situation is that there are those who claim that the future is hard to predict. It's not. It's easy.

Replace men with machines; scramble the financial eggs beyond all sanity; saturate your markets; pile up surpluses of everything thereby removing the necessity for work; and this on top of a government so hopelessly old-style as to be unable to function in modern conditions, this government headed by men who are stupid, weak, evasive or incompetent, and what is bound to result?

National debacle.

And what form will this national debacle take?

The form it is taking right now.

Purchasing power off a billion a month. Unemployment increasing in mathematical progression; tremendous hordes of unemployed hunting the warmer climates; bank failures; suicides; progressive cessation of business; increasing mobs; growing jungles. The fit and employed swiftly becoming unable to carry the burden of the unfit and the unemployed.

America has a working population of about forty millions. Of this five millions are public servants.

The unemployed, in two years, have increased from two millions to about nine millions. This does not include three millions of farmers.

This means that sixteen millions of people are a direct drag upon the remaining twenty-four million and this today. Now!

In another year, these figures will be reversed. Twenty-four millions will be a drag on sixteen millions.

This means the bogging of all ordered government.

As in a shipwreck at sea, where there is no supreme authority, it will be *sauve qui peut*. As in the Thirty Years War, every man woman and child will have to get his living as best as he can, and in any way he can. As some millions of us are doing right today. Look at the so-called crime statistics. And then consider the fact that, in our cock-eyed civilization it is considered a crime for a starving man to take a jar of milk

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THE CARMELITE: FEBRUARY 11, 1932

that doesn't belong to him, to feed his helpless wife and children!

Our laws, our morals, our ethics, all were made for pleasant days.

These are unpleasant days.

Our social fabric was made for the process of expansion.

We are in the process of contraction.

All our ideas are founded on a condition of integration.

We are disintegrating.

It is like any other act of God. It does not matter—it does not even exist,—until all of a sudden it hits you.

Then, and not until then, do you believe it so.

A year or so ago, something could have been done. Now nothing can. It is merely for those who have seen sensational collapses, and who know what frightful things they are, to warn their fellows.

Get on the land. There at least you can live.

Stay far from cities. Where starving mobs cannot reach you.

And forget, for the time being, those artificial banes of human existence, business and money.

Be satisfied with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

WHAT'S NEW AT THE LIBRARY

FICTION:

Chapman: The Weather Tree
Cox: Top Story Murder
Cuthrell: Week-end Marriage
Doneghy: The Border
Erskine: Unfinished Business
Fletcher: Murder in the Squire's Pew
Freeman: The Dr. Thorndyke Omnibus
Hauck: Two Together
Jacobs: Snug Harbour
Kroll: Cabin in the Cotton
Montross: The Devil Himself
Philpotts: A Clue from the Stars
Queen: Dutch Shoe Mystery
Scarlett: Cat's Paw

NON-FICTION:

Clendening: The Care and Feeding of Adults, with Doubts About Children.
Davis: The Caliph of Bagdad: Being Arabian Nights Flashes of the Life, Letters, and Work of O. Henry, William Sydney Porter.
Embree: Brown America
Fay: George Washington, Republican Aristocrat.
Filene: Successful Living in this Machine Age
Herold: Doing Europe—and Vice Versa.
Kagawa: The Religion of Jesus
McAdoo: Crowded Years
Pringle: Theodore Roosevelt
Stalin: The New Russian Policy
Swift: The Jungle of the Mind
Wilson: Chinatown Quest; the Life Adventures of Donaldina Cameron.

* * *

"Unemployment or War," by Maurice Colbourne, a book on the new economics now available at the Harrison Memorial Library, has been reviewed for The Carmelite by Mme. Navas-Rey. Her comments will appear in next week's issue.

Correspondence

"TRADE AT HOME"

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

The tradesmen of our village are crying that we ought to be "loyal," that there is moral iniquity in buying in cheaper markets. Like all slogans, this is bunk; and like most so-called idealism, it shows shoddy thinking.

A week ago, I loyally bought me a pair of pajamas in Carmel. They cost four dollars. A few days ago I saw precisely the same garments on sale in Monterey for one dollar. Copper fly-screening costs eighteen cents a square foot in Carmel, and twelve cents a square foot in Pacific Grove. Last summer I was offered a water-pitcher of greenish glass, said to have been specially imported from Mexico and hand-made, for only three dollars in a Carmel shop. As I could plainly see the mark of machine shaping on it, I went to a ten-cent shop a few miles away. There I purchased exactly the same article for a quarter of a dollar. These are but a few of the many instances I might cite. Being loyal to Carmel shops is a mighty expensive form of altruism. Anyone with one dollar to spend can save money by going to Pacific Grove or Monterey to spend it. Anyone who spends one thousand dollars a year for merchandise will be from two to three hundred dollars better off at the end of the year if he buys as little as possible in Carmel.

Loyalty is a fine quality. Does it ever occur to our merchants to be loyal to the residents of Carmel? The theories of the public-be-damned, and all the-traffic-will-bear, seem to be having the same results in Carmel that they have always had everywhere.

CHARLES ROBERTS ALDRICH

COUNTESS TOLSTOY

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

In a paragraph under "By-Products" of last week's issue it was stated that Alexandra Tolstoy "would be more sincere if she dropped her title." It would be unfair to her to let that pass without comment. During the arrangements which were necessary to present her in Carmel a message came from Countess Tolstoy not to use the title as she wished to drop it. She is not interested in it in America. However, she is entitled to distinction and our public accepts that mark of distinction and approves it. The Carmel audience felt Alexandra Tolstoy's sincerity and had the writer heard her lecture he might not have thought that she need be "more sincere."

HAZEL WATROUS

BALLYHOO FOR BERGERAC

Three Carmelites' opinion on Richard Bennett, star of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," now playing at the Curran Theatre, San Francisco:

HELEN WARE—

—Richard Bennett is one of the most versatile and accomplished actors the United States has produced. We all know the value of Rostand's play and with Dick as "Cyrano" theatre goers have a rare treat before them.

FREDERICK BURT—

Dick Bennett has shown many people what the stage can be, and if we were

wise we would demand and support such artistes.

FRANK SHERIDAN—

—Dick Bennett is not only a good actor, he is a great actor, and one that our many aspiring Thespians here in Carmel would do well to see and study. Bennett is no mere mechanic, no purveyor of stage tricks; he is an artist in all that overworked word means.

FOR RENT—attractive upstairs studio or office. Desirable location on Ocean Avenue opposite Pine Inn. Reasonable rent. Apply Ruth Higby, Telephone 665-W.

SOLITUDE

This is not solitude
This pine tree
This mountain top
This circle of horizon
Pronouncing incredible tales of upheaval and change. . .
This is not solitude. . .
Solitude is the quiet of my own room at night
The children sleeping, the work of a long day done
With low lights painting shadows on the whitewashed walls
And the heart leaping forth into infinite meadows of silence.

—HELEN CRAMP



Keep those friendships green!

"I hadn't seen Jack Shepard since we were boys together. But last night I called him up. I can tell you the 'voice-visit' did us both a lot of good."

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**Cost 50% LESS than
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THIS spring, 3,000 additional P. G. and E. customers are going to have plenty of INSTANT hot water with new Automatic Gas Water Heaters.

Automatics heat water for the lowest cost per gallon of any method of heating water in the home. Besides Natural Gas has cut the operating cost about 40%. This, plus the reductions in gas rates during the last 10 years, makes a total saving in fuel of more than 50%.

Put yourself down for an Automatic and have hot water any time of the day or night. Just turn the faucet for a tubful for bathing or a basinful for shaving.

Plenty of Automatic Hot Water dissolves dirt from 2 to 20 times faster. That saves your *energy* with the clothes and dishes. You do not wait for water to heat. So you save time also. Studies have been made which show that instant hot water saves from 4 to 6 hours each week. These hours are yours for reading, shopping, or entertaining.

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You can buy an Automatic Gas Water Heater for 50% less than you could in 1917. Yet the new, improved Automatics are colorful and better built. And the terms? They are as low as \$4.85 down and \$3.85 a month, with a liberal trade-in allowance for your old non-automatic water heater or water-back. Never before have such easy terms been offered on Automatic Gas Water Heaters of this quality.

The Automatic Gas Water Heater puts a self-starter on your hot water service. It heats the water, stores it in its big thermos-like tank, and shuts itself off. No gas is wasted keeping the water hot because the tank is insulated. Architects and builders are now specifying Automatics for all modern homes. They are not a luxury but a necessity for healthful, happy home life.

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